

STRATAGEMS IN WAR

THEY ARE NOT CONFINED TO THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Devices That Are Resorted to by the People When Provisions Are Exhausted—How It Feels When Things Begin to Give Out.

Dr. S. A. Steele, in a lecture at Chattanooga on the privation endured by the people in some parts of the south during the war between the states, gave this interesting account of how it felt when things began to give out:

"Things began to get very scarce at our house. They had not been any too plentiful in some lines up to this time, and now they began to give out entirely. Have you ever been where things gave out? I have. If you have been there, you will never forget it.

"Coffee gave out. Instead of Rio we had kry; instead of Mocha we had okra; instead of Java we had potato. We had all sorts—beans and goober peas and oats and everything you ever heard tell of and a great deal besides—but the potato was the favorite brand. We took sweet potato, cut it into little bits, and parched them, ground them up and made Confederate coffee. Blessed was the man or woman who didn't drink coffee in those days. I don't want to interfere with people's business here, but you will please say nothing to me about your modern substitutes for coffee. I don't want any.

"Sugar gave out. It seemed to me that the abominable Yankees had got around every place where there was any sweetening, and we had to have sorghum—long saccharine," we called it. Not only did luxuries give out, but medicines gave out. We couldn't get any unless we would go inside the Union lines, and we couldn't go in there and come out without taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. We wouldn't take the oath, so we had to take our own medicine.

"Shoes gave out. My father paid the presiding elder \$50 for a pair of shoes with the distinct understanding that he wouldn't ask any questions about it. Whatever that meant it meant something. A friend living inside of the Union lines got some shoes for my mother and a pair for my sister—they forgot me—and when my sister went about the house with her store shoes creaking over the floor I said I wouldn't wear Yankee shoes now. We had some pretty good shoemakers among the negroes, but we didn't have leather and didn't know how to make it, but we got a hide and got the hide off, and after soaking it a long time while it was soft we cut out and made a lot of brogans and never wore them. We couldn't get any shoes until that winter of 1863. I tried to get a little comfort thinking the southern people were the Valley Forge people, but all you want of Valley Forge is about 20 minutes on a cold day. It takes all the inspiration out of you.

"Clothes gave out. Fortunately my mother had a large supply of quilts. She cut up one and made me a suit of clothes. It didn't fit just exactly like a tailor's cut, but it was comfortable, and my father looked real nice in his overcoat.

"One day my mother said to my father: 'The salt is out. What are you going to do about it?' Now, that was the most serious announcement that I heard anywhere about our household during the whole war, except, of course, the announcement at the close of it that we were whipped. It got us into more danger than anything else that happened.

"You have seen that little salt-cellar on the table and haven't thought anything about it, but I want to tell you it is one of the cornerstones of civilization.

"We wouldn't trade with the Yankees because that would be helping the government, so we took the big old blocks of the smokehouse and the bench on which we had salted the meat down in better days, which were more or less saturated with salt, split them up, put them into a pot, boiled and simmered down and got a little salt. That gave out. Then we dug up the earth under and around the smokehouse, put it in a hopper, poured water on it, dripped it and got a little brine to dip the chicken or squirrel in before cooking. As long as it lasted it was all right, but it gave out, and my mother asked what we were to do.

"My father said, 'Well, I reckon we will have to starve,' for the spirit that was in our people was the spirit that was willing to starve if it was necessary to win success.

"But my mother said, 'We won't starve.' She and I soon after went to the United States postmaster's office to get a permit to take out some salt.

"He said, 'Madam, you just step into the other room and take the oath of allegiance, and we will give you a permit to take out some salt.'

"She indignantly refused and said, 'Give me a pass to go home.'

"He said, 'You step into the other room and take the oath, and we will give you a pass to go home. You ought not to have come here unless you were willing to take the oath.'

"My mother stamped her foot in rage and gave him a terrific piece of her mind.

"She lived and died declaring she never took the oath. She said the room was full of people, she heard a man repeat something, but she finally clinched her teeth and said nothing. After that was all over we got the salt and returned home."

Bewitt—Grout is a very businesslike fellow.

Jewett—Yes; I understand that when he paid his wedding fee he asked the clergyman for a receipt.—Brooklyn Life.

SOME COSTLY WORDS.

The British Nation Has Paid \$20,000 For "Place" Among Others.

The word "place," over which there was a deal of bother a short time ago, cost a trifle over \$4,000 a letter, and it may cost a great deal more before it becomes obsolete.

We all know that a "place" is a place, and no amount of fighting and money spending can make it anything else, but until recently to ask a judge what was a "place" in the strict legal sense was to court one's own ruin unless one had considerable fortune. The meaning of the word has now, however, been decided, though it is not everybody who can understand exactly what the decision is. But any lawyer is now in a position to define a "place" for you at \$8. 50, a time after upward of \$20,000 has been expended in obtaining a real, solid, stable definition.

To the average landsman a ship is "outward bound" when it has started from its moorings on a journey. But many thousands of pounds have been spent trying to extract from our learned judges an authoritative definition of the expression.

The matter was discussed in the admiralty court for six hours on end not long ago. It was an insurance case, and the policy of insurance only covered the time "between the vessel being outward bound and homeward bound," and the law was asked to decide whether the ship was "outward bound" when an accident occurred. She had left the docks and was steaming down the river. She had her full crew, all her passengers and all her cargo. Surely, then, she was "outward bound." No, she was not, for the reason that she intended to stop some distance down the river to take in a little extra coal for her own consumption.

To be "outward bound" a vessel must have no intention of stopping for any purpose whatever until she reaches her first port of call. If she does not intend to make any such stop, she is "outward bound" as soon as she has swung herself out of dock and is sailing or steaming down river. She may even be made to stop, but she must not anticipate or intend to stop. She is only "outward bound" when she is on her actual journey and not on a preliminary trip to pick up passengers, mails, cargo, coals, water or anything like that. And this decision, which will last so long as it is uncontroverted, has cost thousands of pounds to arrive at.

If a will be made and some of the words are erased, so that they cannot be read without a lens, are those words "apparent?" Such a question has occurred more than once, and the bills for their decision have been very, very long. In the case just mentioned the words would not be "apparent," the ruling being that for words to be "apparent" they must be readable without the need of any artificial facilities.

The word "accident" has bothered a good many lawyers, and there is plenty of life in it yet. If you were stung by a bee and your death resulted directly from that sting, could your next of kin obtain the amount of your accident insurance policy? Such a misfortune hardly fits in with one's conception of an "accident," yet how else could it rank? It would be an "accident," but there must be no unusual stupidity on the part of the person stung for it to rank so in law. If, for instance, the person were pulling the bee by the nose and he in such a manner as to cause it annoyance, so that it might reasonably be expected to sting the person, it would not be an "accident." What it would be is undecided. We can only suggest "suicide" for sudden death from unnatural causes must be either accidental, murderous or suicidal, and, as a bee is not amenable to British laws, it could not be murder.

When a man is summoned before a court of justice, is he "brought" before the court? Some laws lay down that for certain offenses persons must be "brought" before a court for trial. So, if they are summoned, are the requirements of the acts complied with? In law they are, for the reason that a summons signed by a justice is supposed to compel a person to appear as ordered; hence he is "brought" by the summons. It is a small point, but it cost \$400 before it was finally settled.—London Answers.

A Grease Spot Suit.

A man whose wife found much fault with him—probably with justice—on account of his untidiness, went to a tailor to order a suit of clothes.

"What kind of goods do you want?" asked the tailor.

"All wool and exactly of this color," replied the customer, presenting a sample.

"It is hard to tell just what color this is," rejoined the other, inspecting it. "Where did you get it?"

"I cut it from my last suit."

"It doesn't seem to have any figure," "No. This is where some grease got on it. I cut out the entire spot. I want something a grease spot won't show on. See?"

After a lengthy explanation the tailor succeeded in convincing him that there was no cloth of that kind in the market.—Exchange.

To Scare Him Off.

"Do you know, Bettle," said the father to his 18-year-old daughter the other morning, "that it was after 12 o'clock last night when that young man left here?"

"Oh, it couldn't have been, father." "But it was. Now, don't let that happen again."

"But I couldn't tell him to leave. I did nothing to entertain him except to show him my remembrance."

"Well, I'll bring home my account book this evening, with your millinery and dressmaking expenses balanced up. If he calls again, show him that."—London Fun.

THE BIG SEA TURTLE

HOW IT IS CAUGHT BY GEORGIA COAST FISHERMEN.

The Hunt Is Always Made at Night and the Ungainly Creatures Are Brought to Grief Through the Use of Trick and Deceit.

One of the favorite summer sports of the fishermen and marooners of Savannah is turtle hunting on the sandy beaches of the neighboring islands, where from May to August the turtles come out to lay their eggs.

On the long, flat stretches of sand the turtle crawls about 100 feet or more from the water line, and there, with her flippers scooping out a round hole from two to three feet deep, deposits her eggs, often 300 or more, covering every 50 or so with a thin layer of sand, and putting a final layer of considerable thickness over the top of the nest after her maternal duties are finished. This final filling in of the nest she smooths off even with the beach and after making the surroundings as nearly as possible like the remainder of the beach, if undisturbed, crawls back to the water with the pleasing consciousness of duty well performed and the confident conviction that in a short time her maternal heart will be gladdened with a numerous progeny.

Even when she escapes with her life, however, her hopes of a family are often disappointed, for turtle eggs are conceded to be a delicacy by nearly everybody who has tried them, and it is this toothsome quality of her product that leads to the undoing of the turtle's hopes, for during the season of her laying the nests are sought for continuously and many of them found and robbed of their contents. The method of search is very simple. Where the tracks of the turtle are found leading up the beach they are followed, and the ground at various points along the trail is tested by means of a slender rod or walking cane. The nest is distinguished when reached by the ready yielding of the sand, and the hunters scoop out the sand with their hands and appropriate the eggs.

But it is in securing the turtle herself that the hunter finds the greatest pleasure. The hunt is almost always made at night and preferably during moonlight. The conditions are best about the middle of May, during a full moon, and in the early morning hours. Then skirting the water line the hunters walk along the beach, keeping a sharp lookout for tracks as they pass along and a still sharper lookout ahead for the creature itself. On a clear night the great, lumbering animal can be distinguished a long way off. When one is sighted, the hunters determine their further proceedings in accordance with the position of the creature with respect to the nearness of the water line and its evident intentions. If on its way to make a nest, which is known by its crawling up the sand and away from the water, there is no particular need to hurry, as, unless disturbed, the turtle will not return to the water until she has deposited her eggs. So usually the hunters are content to wait a safe distance away until the nest has been completed and the actual laying of the eggs begun. Then they may approach with impunity, for the turtle, once on the nest, will not move until she has completed her task. It is when she commences her retreat to the water that the hunters secure her by catching the side of the shell and turning her over on her back, where she lies helpless and can only fan her mighty and powerful flippers in wrathful impotence.

The turtle is a firm believer that discretion is the better part of valor, and she shows fight only when cornered and has no way of escape. Should she catch sight of her natural enemy, man, before she has begun to lay, she will at once beat a hasty retreat toward the water, scaling the hard beach and throwing back quantities of sand in her haste. But when she is brought to bay she will both bite and strike heavy blows with her flippers, and these must be carefully avoided while she is being turned on her back.

It is owing to her efforts to injure her enemies that her final undoing is accomplished, for, like most of the family testudinate, the turtle can draw its head into the shell and close its flippers close to its sides, making itself practically impervious to attacks. This its captor knows, and so when ready to slaughter it he pokes its head with a stick until, to stop the annoyance, the animal extends its head, when it is cut off by a well directed blow with hatchet or ax.

Some persons claim that there can be found in the turtle portions that taste like and resemble in appearance chicken meat, real and beefsteak, but the average marooner finds in the turtle only turtle, which both in texture and taste closely resembles beefsteak.

Turtles are still quite numerous on Warsaw, though not nearly so plentiful as they were several years ago, when as many as nine have been turned in one night. They average in size from the comparatively small one of 100 pounds to 500 pounds and in exceptional cases 600.—Savannah News.

Early Training in Fine Manners.

Reciprocal courtesy has an influence in child culture not to be ignored. Uniform politeness and graciousness shown to children by their parents and teachers and unvarying politeness exacted from them in their companionship with sisters and brothers and with playmates assist them in being lovely and calmly poised, for politeness implies restraint of anger. It means thought for others; it puts self in the background. The person whose politeness is automatic will all through life commend himself where the boor or the brusque and clumsy person will be at a terrible disadvantage. Training in fine manners cannot begin too early.—Weekly Boquet.

THAT BOTHERSOME LETTER

The Perplexity of a Typewriter Girl With Social Possibilities.

The pretty typewriter girl appeared to be worried over something.

"Well," she exclaimed, "there's one thing bothering me most to death. I have social aspirations that may be gratified because my employer is old and rich and is looking for a pretty young wife, and I may be it. If I am, I'm not much afraid of anything I may get next to in the circle in which I shall move except how and when to get the correct sound to the letter 'a' so as to show the difference between the classes and the masses. I have heard enough swell people talking in our office to know that to be a real society person I must use the broad 'a' in the right place, but I'm not sure of myself. Maybe everybody that uses the broad 'a' isn't in society, but I'm sure everybody in society uses the broad 'a,' and I want to know how to do it like the real thing.

"I don't find much trouble in saying 'cabin' but ought I to say 'cabin' or 'cabin'?" If not, why not? I'm just sure to get all mixed up if I say 'cabin' and follow it right away with 'cabin' and I'm sure I never could do a thing like that in society and live. It would be a dead give away, wouldn't it? But worse than that is 'half past.' Like 'half past 4,' for instance. Sometimes I get it 'half past,' and sometimes 'half past,' and sometimes plain 'half past,' and I just don't know what to do with myself. Now, which is it, and however am I to get it right and make it stay right? Goodness knows I've tried hard enough.

"Then there is 'and.' I always called it by its name and thought everybody else did, but the other day I heard some society people calling it 'and.' Do you suppose that is the proper thing? My employer says 'cabin' and 'cabin,' but he doesn't say 'and,' and he lives on Connecticut avenue. Or do I say 'in Connecticut avenue?' I notice some of the newspapers say 'in' for 'on' a street, but the newspapers are not in society, are they? I can say 'afternoon' or just plain 'after' easy enough, but think of that word 'after' math.' Of course I wouldn't use it very often, but it is more of a give away to get a word wrong that isn't common than it is the common kind, don't you think? I say 'what,' of course, just as the swells do, but if I said 'that!' wouldn't society people think I was a servant girl out of place? Thank goodness there is one word I have got down fine, and I can pronounce it just too lovely for anything, and that is 'advantage.' I feel like I was the real thing when I say it, and, don't you know, when I hear anybody say 'advantage' it does sound too fat and common for any use. I do think it is the dearest word. I'd like to ask—I mean ask—about a lot more, but the boss is coming, and I must look after some matters—or is it matters?—that I mean 'that's'—he wants attended to. So long!" And she left the reporter puzzled at the office rail somewhat puzzled himself.—Detroit Free Press.

One of Barrie's Triumphs.

J. M. Barrie did not shine conspicuously in many of his classes when at Edinburgh university, but in regard to metaphysics he had one notable triumph. He convinced the most unphilosophical of all human beings, a medical student, that he had no existence, strictly so called. "He got quite frightened," Mr. Barrie remarked, "and I can still see his white face as he sat staring at me in the gloaming. This shows what metaphysics can do."

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Answered the General.

"The old sappers were admirable fellows," says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, "as brave as lions, though sometimes rather stupid. A certain peninsular general rode down to some sappers who were digging trenches and commenced to cross question one on his duties. You must know that a gabion is a basket which can be filled with earth and so made to stop a bullet, and a fascine is a bundle of fagots.

"Now, supposing the first sapper in the trench you were driving were killed," said the general, "what would you do with him?"

"Stuff him in a gabion, sir," said the stolid sapper.

"And what would you do with the second if he were killed?" said the officer in surprise.

"Make a fascine of him, sir."

"The general rode off without another word."

Sierra Peaks Supreme.

The most lonely highlands of our national territory are the sparsely wooded sierras of western New Mexico. The clank of the woodcutter's axes echoes through the steepest glens of the European Alps and southern Alleghenies, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of maroon is the only habitant of these solitudes and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare, though a silent culture now and then floats across the sky on its way to the cave labyrinth of the Gila valley.—Indianapolis Press.

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The Dictionary.

Richard Burton in writing in East and West of "The Use of English" says: "Words, like men, have their 'strange, eventful histories,' and, again like men, one word in its time 'plays many parts.' To follow the ups and downs of a single proper noun—a stupid name, since its career is as often as not improper and hence doubly fascinating—or of a common noun—aimed with equal stupidity, since its story is likely to be most uncommon—this pursuit, I say, is often as exciting as a novel or a football game. Thus it follows that the dictionary (rightly used and comprehended) is the most interesting of all books, save perhaps the Bible.

"Dr. Holmes knew this when he made the autocrat say: 'When I feel inclined to read poetry, I take down my dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively, but their shape and luster have been given by the attrition of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writing, and I will show you a single word which conveys a more profound, a more accurate and a more eloquent analogy.'"

"Emerson had the same feeling when he wrote: 'It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem.'"

Bismarck and Washburne.
Here is a story which Bismarck was fond of narrating in regard to the Franco-German war. It is told in a collection of anecdotal history of the life and times of Bismarck, published by Harper Bros.:

"As the American ambassador (sic), Mr. Washburne, had protected the Germans in Paris during the French war, we wanted to present him with a testimonial. Therefore I had a grand cross of the Order of the Iron Crown made of a more costly pattern than had probably ever been manufactured before. The brilliants alone cost 1,000 Friedrichs d'or, but before the emperor conferred it on him I took the precaution to ask if he would accept the order and received a reply that it would have to go to the Washington museum, as he would not be allowed to wear it.

"As this was not much to my liking, we kept the order for some time and inquired by what other means we should show our gratitude. In reply he begged that I should sit to an American artist for my portrait. So I sacrificed myself on the altar of my country and allowed myself to be painted. The artist, in real American fashion, did a real good stroke of business by painting three portraits of me at the same time."

The Accompanist.

The old time theory that any pianist could be an accompanist is quite exploded, and now the art of accompanying is studied as a "postgraduate" branch. After the requisite piano training the pupil is required to learn the instrumental parts of oratorios, operas and songs, to be played afterward with the teacher as soloist. The teacher sings in an extremely "ad libitum" manner, that the student may learn to accommodate her accompaniment to individual interpretations. Then comes the test of playing an accompaniment at sight, which naturally is the most difficult part, but an essential one.

The good accompanist sinks her own individuality completely and almost breathes with the singer in her absolute sympathy. A solo player rarely accompanies well because he is more interested in the piano work than in the vocal and cannot subordinate the accompaniment to the song. Ensemble playing is excellent preparation for accompanying, as the players are compelled to view their work as only a part of the whole if they would have the performance properly balanced.—New York Tribune.

Discovered by Accident.

The oriental ware introduced into Europe in 1506 was at first called porcelain, but afterward it became translucent kind, which could only be made in China, was called "china." It is worthy of note that the Chinese had discovered how to make it at least 1800 years before.

About 1700 John Frederick Botcher, who was a chemist's assistant, was at work for the king of Saxony, employed in the search for the philosopher's stone, when he accidentally discovered something akin to Chinese porcelain. He sought everywhere for a clay, and through an accident the coveted kaolin was discovered.

A wealthy iron founder riding home noticed that his horse lifted his feet with difficulty, and examination revealed the fact that a white clay was adhering to the hoofs. He took some of it home and made a hair powder of it. Botcher obtained the powder, and translucent china was easily made. He followed oriental patterns, and the secret of his method of manufacture was not discovered to the rest of the world until after his death.

The first American porcelain was made by Thomas C. Smith of Greenport, Long Island.

Billings' Bracer.

Mrs. Billings (aside)—Goodness me! Here comes Mrs. Spruce with her smart looking husband, and here John goes along by my side stopping and snuffling. What shall I do to brace him up? Ah, I know! (Aloud.) John! John! Did you see that handsome girl looking at you?

Mr. Billings (with alacrity)—Not where? Where?—London Telegraph.

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ODD MOON THEORIES.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

Laughable and Absurd Notions That Gain Credence in Uneducated Minds Concerning the Changes and Ellipses of the Orb of Night.

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surrounded by untutored people with a degree of mystery that is sometimes merely laughable, sometimes ingeniously absurd, but in most cases the natural outcome of superstition and ignorance.

There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible markings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who made that famous journey to Norwich, while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they can distinguish.

In eastern Asia the marks in the moon are said to be a hare sitting on his hindquarters, while the Incas of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moonlight and suddenly became enamored of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the object of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever since.

Eclipses of the moon, being commoner than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar obfuscations. In Peru an eclipse of the moon was always considered to be a sudden illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvians would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and in particular flag all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, would revive herself to come to their help.

The Khasias of northeast India have a very remarkable superstition regarding the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moon represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning "hands down," the decrease that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and spits her head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak, and the quarrel goes on without cessation.

A popular superstition among the Slavs was that the moon was condemned to wander through space for infidelity in company with the morning star. The Dakota Indians fancied that the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being devoured by spirits of the dead.

Still more extraordinary is the superstition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always hides her face with her hands.

The Eskimos maintain that the same period in the moon's history merely betokens the fact that she is hungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to beginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimos have a most laughable theory. They say that Aninga, the moon, brother of the peerless and incomparable Malina, the sun, was pursuing his sister and indeed had drawn so close to her that she was almost within his grasp, whereupon the enraged lady turned around and blackened his face and clothes with her fingers, which she had smudged with the soot of an oil lamp.

Other savages there are who maintain that the marks are the cinders resulting from the monthly destruction by fire of the moon by the incendiary sun.

The Chinese believe that when an eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar phenomenon they throw themselves prostrate and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away. In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows at the moon, which reminds one of the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was in sight, hurried out to see it, scolded it vehemently and discharged pistol shots at the inexplicable monstrosity.

The Maoris believed that the moon was a great hole torn in the heavens through which could be seen the warm fires that kept the earth alive and the sun heated. When the moon was on the wane, they said that the gods were busy mending the rent, and when the moon appeared again in her crescent shape they said that the tear had burst once more.

Among the untutored peasants of the remote parts of France many strange superstitions are rife as regards the moon. Many aver that they can see Judas Iscariot hanging from an elder branch, others that it is Cain they see cowering on his spine and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some again say that it is a peasant compelled to freeze in the moon with his bundle of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath.

At certain times of the year the Malopos, a tribe of African savages, bury a fire goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects a goat at stated intervals. They firmly believe that the goat makes its way through the center of the earth, and falls into the moon, who is waiting to receive it.—London Answers.

Last year the graduates of professional schools numbered 16,448, of whom 5,597 were doctors, 3,065 lawyers and 1,673 clergymen.

DO YOU THINK RED?

After Reading This Curious Article Test Your Favorite Author.

At first sight it may seem rather curious, but it is a fact, that the value of a writer's work may be appraised by the color words he uses.

Shakespeare's favorite color word was red. As a matter of fact that is the characteristic word of most great writers. Out of every hundred color words used by Shakespeare in his poems no fewer than 30 are red. White follows with 22, then comes black, 20; yellow, 17; green, 7; blue, 4.

It is only natural that a writer on country subjects should use a lot of green words. Red must always be the predominant color in writings dealing with the hotter passions, with love and war. Even the colors used depend in a remarkable manner upon the idiosyncrasies of the writer.

Taking the case of the poets, green is the color most used in the "Song of Songs." It is also the color most used by Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. Black is the predominant color of Homer and white of Catullus, Chaucer and Rossetti, while yellow is the favorite color of that weird writer Poe. Red is the color of Tennyson, Swinburne and Whitman.

It must be taken into consideration that the old writers often used color words in a different sense to their present meaning. Some people go so far as to say that things looked quite different to the ancients and that green and blue have been seen only during the last thousand years.

Red is the most pleasant and vigorous of colors. It is a joyous color, full of life and grit. It is the color of the strongest of passions. In anything dealing with man and woman red must have its predominant place. It is the color of the rich, quick blood of all that's best in life.

White is usually a pleasant color, especially when associated with red, as a woman's white neck and red lips, ivory throat and blushing cheeks, alabaster forehead and rosy ears. Sometimes it represents cold, dull, pale, gray and wan things. Generally it is the color of innocence and purity, of sweet and wholesome things.

Black as a favorite verbal color is usually found in the works of writers of a somber, melancholic disposition. Such words are rarely of a healthy character.

Green and blue are so closely related in the sense used in this article as often to merge. Generally green is a fresh, sweet color, the color of the country and opening life.

Blue has more to do with the imagination. It is a learned, philosophical color. It is ethereal and generally removed from everyday life. The works of a blue writer are deep and thoughtful, but rarely raise one's enthusiasm. The strong, human red interest is lacking.

Yellow is a horrible color. Nearly every one feels a natural antipathy to this jaundiced hue. It and black were the favorite colors of Poe and thus account for the strangeness of that original writer's peculiar imaginings.

Curiously enough, yellow loses its loathsomeness if it possesses a dash of red

WHEN BOOT HOOKS AND BOOTJACKS WERE FAMILIAR ARTICLES.

Five Footwear Was Then an Expense. Luxurious, and Men of Fashion Had a Time in Getting Their Tight-Fitting Wellingtons on and off.

Over on the other side of Canal street, in the local Latin quarter, there is a little cobbler's shop that looks like an etching by Durer. The tools, which are stuck in leather loops around the walls, have an air of serious antiquity like decayed gentilefolk, and over the threshold is an empty wicker bird-cage, canted at just the right angle to make what the artists call "a good composition." The cobbler himself is a smallish, stoop-shouldered man, with a perfectly bald head and iron spectacles half way down his nose. The other day he told a friend how the ancient and honorable craft of boot-making had gone into decline.

"I was working for myself two years before the California excitement began in 1849," he said. "Those were grand days. All gentlemen wore boots then made out of the finest calfskin, with tops about 12 inches high. The Wellington boots were fashionable just before my time, but I've made a few pairs, mostly for foreign gentlemen, and they looked very elegant outside of tight pantaloons. The top was generally morocco. It hugged the calf of the leg close and came to a point in front, finished with a small red or purple tassel. But the boot that everybody wanted was a plain, fine grained calfskin, and it had to fit like a glove or it wouldn't do at all.

"Do you see those lasts up on the shelf? Well, the men they were made for are dead now, the whole crowd. But I'll bet you there isn't one in the lot that hasn't been patched and altered at least 40 times. That shows you how particular they were. Feet will change more from year to year than you have any idea of, and we had to keep track of such changes so as to make the boot set perfectly snug. In those days a gentleman, especially a young gentleman, who went into society wouldn't have a boot that he could wear without cursing for a first week or so. They wanted them tight, tight as wax, and every young buck had his collection of boot hooks and bootjacks to get 'em on and off. Those tools were common birthday and Christmas presents back in the forties and fifties, and some of them were got up very fine. I've seen boot hooks with silver mounts and mahogany handles \$100 a pair.

"The strain of pulling on a pair of tight boots was so great," continued the little cobbler musingly, "that we used to run the strap ends half way down the inside of the leg and double sew them with waxed silk twist. A young gentleman was actually killed here in 1850 or thereabout by the breaking of his boot straps. I remember the circumstance well. He was going to a ball and was sitting on a stool in his room pulling on a pair of new boots with the hooks they used then. Both straps gave way together, and he fell over backward and hurt his spine so that he died next day. Yes, sir; that's a fact. The family are still living here, and I made boots for one of his uncles up to less than ten years ago. No; I can't say there was anything especially peculiar about the boots of that time except that they had much higher heels than are worn now, and very light soles, generally finished around the edge with a stitching of yellow thread. A good pair of boots could be resoled four or five times, but it was seldom done. When they began to wear, a gentleman would generally give them to his boy servant.

"The price of boots then was never less than \$10 and more often \$20, and the planters up the river thought nothing of ordering half a dozen or even a dozen pair at a time. I had one good customer from Lafourche. He was a fine gentleman, with grand manners. One day he came into the shop to order a pair of boots, and while I was measuring him to correct his foot he was looking at me very sharp. 'Will you allow me to see your tongue?' he said presently. I was surprised, but I put it out, and he pursed up his lips, like a man whistling. 'Hum-m-m' said he. 'How is your appetite?' 'Poorish,' said I, for I wasn't feeling very well just then. 'Make me 12 pairs of boots this time,' said he and walked out without another word. I felt kind of uncomfortable for awhile after that; but, Lord bless you, I've outlived him these 20 years.

"Boots went out of style in the seventies, but a good many of the old people still stick to them, and, for that matter, some are worn even to this day. I have four customers now that I make boots for regular. They are all middle aged men, and I used to work for their fathers and uncles. They say that the high leather legs keep them from catching cold, and they don't want the feet tight, but prefer them large and roomy. So I don't have to go to the trouble of correcting their lasts, as I did in the old days.

"I don't make shoes," added the old man, with a touch of asperity. "I never made a pair in my life, but it's lucky for me, perhaps, that they're taking to wearing them and make them as poor as they do. That brings in enough cobbling to keep the pot a-boiling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Aspiration. "Police! Police!" yelled a man on the street.

"Here, what's the matter?" exclaimed a policeman, rushing around the corner.

"Nothing of course," explained the man. "If there had been, you wouldn't have been anywhere within a mile."—Detroit Free Press.

"Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work."

Why break your back to keep your floors clean?

GOLD DUST

will do the work twice as well, in half the time, at half the cost. It's the modern cleaning substitute for soap. A household without GOLD DUST is almost as badly off as a ship without a rudder. For your own sake try GOLD DUST in cleaning. You'll never again be without it.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis—Makers of OVAL FAIRY SOAP.

THE INDIGO PLANT.

How the Beautiful Dye Is Obtained by Indian Natives.

Indigo, the most beautiful and expensive of all dyes in common use, has ever been closely related to India, as its name implies.

From India the ancient Greeks and Romans drew supplies of the blue dye, and, although it was lost to Europe during the greater part of the middle ages, enormous quantities have been imported for commercial purposes during the last 100 years.

Indigo is cultivated all over India, giving employment to millions of natives and thousands of foreigners. In three districts alone in Behar, where some of the finest indigo is grown, European capital is invested to the extent of no less than \$25,000,000. Some 370,000 acres are under cultivation. There are 700 Englishmen managing and working on the "concerns," as the factories and plantations are always called, and 1,500,000 natives.

An indigo concern may occupy anywhere between 1,000 and 10,000 acres, each cultivated acre producing on an average about 15 to 20 pounds of indigo.

The plant grows to a height of between three and five feet. It is in the leaves that the color yielding matter chiefly resides, they being at their fullest at the time when the flower buds are about to bloom, but the leaf, of a yellowish green color, gives no indication of containing anything which will yield a blue coloring matter.

Toward the end of June, or as soon as the monsoon has set in, the crop is cut, and the work of manufacturing commences. The first manufacturing, called "morhum mahai," lasts generally to the middle of August. By this time the stems which have been cut have shot up again, and in September a second crop is taken from the same plants. Sometimes three crops are taken in one season.

In most concerns the simple, primitive processes of manufacture are still adhered to, for planters and old hands are strong believers in the original true blue and will have nothing to do with untried ideas and chemical admixtures.

Every day the vats in which the plants are steeped—the first process of manufacture—are cleaned out by coolies. The plant is stacked upright to allow air to escape and is kept in position by long pieces of bamboo. Then water is run into the vat, which, however, is not quite filled, since the plant expands, exerting an enormous pressure that might easily crack the vat's sides.

The plant takes a long while to soak. The leaves are not easily wetted.

When the plants have been steeped for about ten hours the color yielding matter will have been extracted. The liquid is now run off into lower or "beating" vats, and the extracted plant, or "seet," is taken out, to be subsequently employed to fertilize new crops. The running liquid varies in color from bright orange to olive green. It is necessary that it shall be kept in a state of violent agitation.

The froth is at first blue, then white, and soon disappears. The liquid, after passing through various color changes, turns from green to dark, rich indigo blue. The overseer, to test whether the beating process is sufficient, takes a little liquid and pours it on to a plate. If the grain, or "fecula," readily settles, leaving a clear fluid, the beaters jump from the vat or the wheel is stopped.

After beating the fecula is allowed to settle for two or three hours, and then the water is run off. The grain is collected, passed through various strainers, whence it flows into a well and is elevated by a steam injector to an iron tank. It is now boiled to prevent any further fermentation, and then the hot, concentrated stuff is run through strainers on to a filter table.

The resulting pulpy paste, not unlike colored whipped cream, is pressed and cut into small cakes, each stamped with the mark of the factory, the date and the number of the days boiling. The cakes are put away to dry on bamboo planks, being carefully dusted and

turned every few days until ready for packing.—Pearson's Magazine.

Still He Caught Customers.

A well known portrait painter was not always the receiver of such handsome honorariums as are now paid him for his portraits. Time was, says London Tit-Bits, when he lived in a common lodging house near the Pantheon at an altitude of no less than seven stories. Necessity is the mother of invention, but how to induce a discriminating public to climb seven pairs of stairs?

He put up a placard in the basement of the house, "Portraits taken here. Only 10 francs. Studio on the third floor."

When the would be purchaser had arrived at the studio designated, he found himself confronted by a placard: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has been removed to the fifth floor."

After much pulling and pushing the fifth floor was reached, where a new bill met the inquiring eye: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has owing to rebuilding of the premises been temporarily removed to the seventh floor."

Having suffered so much, the victim did not mind suffering once more, and the aspiring artist got another customer.

The Crime of Sneezing.

In the time of that bluff sailor king William IV the then Duke of Norfolk was referred to as "something of a boor" and only for sneezing violently at a state banquet when the king was present.

Sir F. Hastings Doyle in his auto biography relates how, even in the fifties, Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out, "Shall I run for the doctor?" Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No" as far as he was able. When he had recovered from the paroxysm, he said: "I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful court etiquette in regard to this matter has made me really ill many a time. Nowadays I cannot for long habit really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agonizes me. And I know many elderly gentlemen who suffer the same."

The same rule applied and still applies in some cases in an even greater degree on the continent. The late czar of Russia once hazarded the opinion that a certain distinguished Englishman was "much wanting in polish and good manners" because he, poor man, sneezed at a Russian court reception. Even the late Napoleon III, free and easy as was his court in certain matters, looked upon sneezing in his presence as a great liberty.—London Aspers.

History of a Chinese Uniform.

The English army has never since secured so much loot as it did in the Chinese war of 1860. Among those who got some was a private soldier who after the taking of the Taku forts came across the dead body of a tongsing, or general, and promptly annexed the gorgeous gown and hat of the slain Celestial dignitary. He brought these garments home with him and sold them to a Jew dealer in Petticoat lane.

Shortly afterward the Hebrew received an order from a tea dealer for a suit of Chinaman's raiment. He made, as he thought, a good bargain for the particularly fine clothes he had bought. Shortly after peace a high official from the Chinese legation was surprised and shocked to see a vulgar looking "foreign devil" giving out bills outside a tea shop attired in the full uniform of a Chinese general.

With the Chinese clothes are very solemn and important things, and a formal complaint was made to the foreign secretary of the gross indignity. A certain amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the tea merchant to put his bill man into torgery of a more humble order, but he stood on his rights as a free and independent English subject who had purchased in market overt, until the Chinese minister bought the uniform at a very high figure and sent it back to Peking. How old the words.

Shot Out of Turn.

A former member of the Gordon Highlanders relates the following anecdote in connection with one of the Gordons who fought in the Anglo-Boer war of 1881: Just before the battle of Laingsnek the highlanders and a force of the Boers were lying under cover opposite each other. The highlanders had been ordered to remain still and hold their fire. Presumably the Boers had received similar commands, for, with the exception of one burgher and one Gordon, who could not refrain from taking pot shots at so much of each other as they could desecry, the men on both sides were silent.

For some time the Boer and the highlander referred to conducted a duel. First the Boer would bob up from behind his shelter, fire at the highlander's cover and drop out of sight. The highlander would jump up, reply and then hurriedly hide himself. About 20 shots had been exchanged in that way when an exclamation of pain burst from the lips of the highlander. His left hand had been shattered by one of the Boer's bullets.

"That serves ye richt, MacKenzie," said his sergeant. "Ye waur tell'd tae be quiet."

"Hoot mon!" replied the highlander. "Ttoo did I ken he was gaen tae shoot out o' his turn?"

A Conjuror at Colombo.

Our conjuror's appearance placed him at once above the suspicion of concealing anything up his sleeve, for sleeve he had none. His dress was a scant white drapery which began at the shoulders and ended at the knees, leaving both arms and legs uncovered. Placing himself on the deck directly in front of us, with his boy assistants a little way off on either side, he began operations.

First he spread on the deck a small cotton pocket handkerchief. Thereon, in the form of a small billock, he put two handfuls of loose friable earth, in which he planted the mango seed. This accomplished, he dispatched a boy with a flat tin for water, in the meantime taking a hooded snake from a shallow basket and waving it—the while it hissed angrily and enlarged its neck—over the little mound of soil, as he did so chanting on a strange pipe. The water fetched, he sprinkled a few drops on the earth, then covered the heap with a small square of fringed turban cloth.

After again repeating his incantations he lifted the top covering and revealed a tiny green shoot, not unlike the first appearance of a bean above the ground.—Blackwood.

English Civility Amazes Tourists.

The American who comes here for the first time is always amazed at two things—the civility with which the policeman wields his enormous power in the regulation of the traffic and the civility of the servant. The ultra democratic call the latter servility, but they like it all the same. One of the things we regret, in common with all Englishmen who travel, is the gradual extinction of those "good old hostilities of the country towns." They are still to be found and are cherished by those who know. But the times have changed and the old fashioned style of hostility, where good cheer and a hearty welcome could be reckoned upon, possibly does not pay.—London Express.

A Famous Murillo.

"The Vision of St. Anthony of Padua" is one of Murillo's greatest paintings. It was painted in 1658 and is now in the baptistry of the cathedral of Seville. The figure of St. Anthony was cut out of the picture on the night of Nov. 4, 1874. Telegrams were immediately sent to the consuls of all countries, and it was discovered in New York, where it had been offered to a Mr. Schaus for \$250. It was restored to the picture by the great artist, Mar-

A How to Superstition.

"Jimmy's rabbit got drowned in our bathtub."

"Goodness! Didn't he have his left hind leg with him?"—Indianapolis Journal.

San Francisco Has a Warehouse Built on a Stranded Hulk.

The Front street building which rests upon the wreck of a beached ship may be the only one of the sort in New York, but at least in one other city there is a similar structure and locally a better known one, for the reason that the building preserves the name of the ship.

This is in San Francisco, where none may aspire to rank in the pioneer or "forty-niner" class unless he can distinctly remember "when the water came up to Montgomery street," which relatively to the present pier and bulkhead line represents a distance much farther inland than Front street in New York. At the time when Montgomery street had only one side, being in reality the beach, the bay of San Francisco was crowded with all sorts of ships lying idle for the simple reason that all hands and the cook had skipped out for Sutter's Fort and the mines. It was impossible to get the ships discharged. Men would never consent to be stevedores on the beach when they could be millionaires at the mines. That is why many of the cargoes were never broached except when there was need of something to fill up the mudholes on the beach streets. No argonaut would respect himself if he could not tell of the time when he saw the streets along the water front paved with plug tobacco in boxes.

One of this fleet, abandoned and derelict at her anchors, the good ship Niantic, parted her cables in one of the stiff winds for which the Golden Gate is notorious, drifted ashore on the mud flat at the foot of Clay street and found a convenient and sticky berth about a hundred yards offshore on the line of the present Sansome street. The underwriters paid the loss, for at the current rate of wages and the absence of labor it would have cost half a dozen times her worth to get her off, and even then she would be of no use without sailors. Having paid the loss, the underwriters in turn abandoned her and probably felt in luck that they were not called upon by some owner of real estate to take the ship away.

The presence of the ship added the sifting up of the mud flat, and in a short time it was awash only at high tide and finally dry all day long. Then it was recognized that this was a new addition to the front of the city, and some business man took possession of the ship and made it over into a warehouse. The vessel was sound in every timber, spars all standing and sails on the yards, the hold as tight as a drum, and if she did make as much as a foot a month it was only a short trick at the pumps to clear it out. In fact, nothing could have been better for a warehouse and general chandler. The hold made an excellent cellar, the floor of the second story was supported by the lower masts at the tops, the roof was fixed at the crosspieces, and the royal masts were left standing above the roof, with the signal yardarms ready here, to serve for flagstaffs.

Gradually the building was altered and patched, and the traces of the original ship disappeared from view, but the name Niantic was a fixture, and people entering the warehouse continued to speak of coming aboard or coming over the side. When the city decided to expand at the expense of the bay and filled in the flats and formed Sansome and Battery and all the other streets which have put the wreck of the Niantic half a mile inland, the filling in buried out of sight the hull and channel plates of the ship, and it ceased to resemble anything that had ever floated. When this first building went into decay and was condemned, the old ship was found to be the soundest part of it all. But it was buried still deeper by the foundations of the large and for that time modern building that took its place. Now there is nothing of the ship left except the name of the building and the old mainmast, which runs up from story to story and is used to support its due share of the weight. Some of the pioneers stoutly aver that the mainmast of the Niantic prophesies the coming of gales upon the bay by the way it creaks for two or three days before the wind comes and that these forecasts are much more to be relied on than the guesses of the weather bureau.—New York Tribune.

The King and the Republican.

Among stories of the late King Humbert told by the Roman correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung we read: "He is not like a king," said the president of a half socialist trades union. "He is like an honest private man who finds himself accidentally upon a throne."

Another who was elected as spokesman for his trade union on account of his bold republicanism said to the king, "Majesty, I am a republican, but I confess that if the republic were established I should use all my influence to get you elected as our first president." "My dear advocate," said King Humbert, "would it not be better for our fatherland if you were to take me as I am?"

Another after coming from an audience with King Humbert said to his colleagues, "It is not half so difficult a matter to interview the king as it is to interview the principal of our firm."

Heartless Advice.

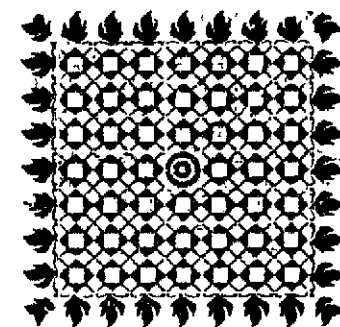
"My brain is on fire," tragically exclaimed Mrs. Bobkins as she threw herself down upon the sofa.

"Why don't you blow it out?" assentingly replied Bobkins, deeply absorbed in the evening newspaper. And then he dodged a flying hairbrush.

Because the World Can't Help It.

"A true poet writes poetry because he can't help it."

"Oh, no; a true poet writes poetry because nobody can stop him."—Chicago Record.



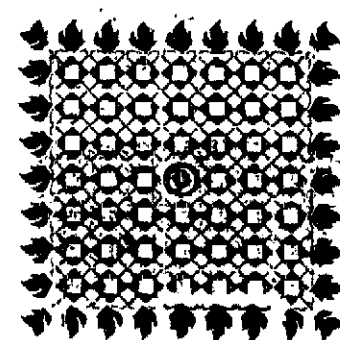
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Many useful articles will be found on the 5c and 10c Counters.

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Ideal Tourist Route.	Joy Line	Except Sunday VIA PROVIDENCE
Direct steamer a the way by water, through the sound by day light.	\$3.00	LAST TRAIN 3:42 P.M. 5th Station
Including Berth in Stateroom.	New York	Leave New York Pier 31, E River 5 P.M.
		Buffalo via N. Y. & Hudson River
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393 Broadway, New York

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—8:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p. m. Sun day, 3:50, 8:00, a. m.; 2:21, 5:00, p. m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, 8:50, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 5:55, p. m.

For Wells Beach—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, 5:22, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, a. m.

For North Conway—9:55, a. m.; 2:45, p. m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a. m.; 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p. m.

For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a. m.; 12:15, 2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45, a. m.; 5:57, p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a. m.; 5:00, p. m. Sunday, 8:00, a. m.; 5:00, p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10, a. m.; 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45, p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00, a. m.; 6:40, 7:00, p. m.

Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a. m.; 12:45, 6:00, p. m. Sunday, 2:00, a. m.; 12:45, p. m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a. m.; 4:15, p. m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a. m.; 3:50, 6:25, p. m. Sunday, 7:00, a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00, a. m.; 4:05, 6:29, p. m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a. m.; 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p. m. Sunday, 7:30, a. m.; 9:25, p. m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a. m.; 2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p. m. Sunday, 6:25, 10:06, a. m.; 8:09, p. m.

Leave North Hampton—9:28, 11:55, a. m.; 2:19, 5:05, 6:21, p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:12, a. m.; 8:15, p. m.

Leave Greenland—9:35, a. m.; 12:01, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27, p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18, a. m.; 8:20, p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations or Manchester, Concord and Intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a. m.; 12:45, 5:25, p. m.

Greenland Village—8:39, a. m.; 12:54, 5:33, p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07, a. m.; 1:07, 5:58, p. m.

Epping—9:22, a. m.; 1:21, 6:14, p. m.

Raymond—9:32, a. m.; 1:32, 6:25, p. m.

Returning leave

Concord—7:45, 10:25, a. m.; 3:30, p. m.

Manchester—8:32, 11:10, a. m.; 4:20, 5:10, p. m.

Raymond—9:16, 11:45, a. m.; 5:02, p. m.

Epping—9:22, a. m.; 12:00, m.; 5:15, p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9:47, a. m.; 12:17, 5:56, p. m.

Greenland Village—10:01, a. m.; 12:29, 6:08, p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the West.

Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Main Line.

Leave Market Square for Rye Beach and Little Bear's Head, connecting for Exeter and Newburyport, at 7:05 a. m.; 8:05 and hourly until 8:05 p. m. For Cable Road only at 7:50 a. m.; 8:55 a. m. and 10:05 p. m. For Little Bear's Head only at 8:05 and 9:05 p. m.; 1:05, 5:05, 7:05, 8:05 and 9:05 p. m. Cars make close connection for North Hampton.

Returning—Leave Junction with E. H. & A. St. Ry. at 8:03 a. m.; 9:05 and hourly until 9:05 p. m. Leave Cable Road at 6:10 a. m.; 7:30 a. m. and 10:35 p. m. Leave Little Bear's Head at 9:10 and 10:10 p. m.

Plains Loop.

Up Middle Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m.; and at 10:35 and 11:05.

Up Islington Street—Leave Market Square at 6:35 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m.; and at 10:35 and 11:05. Last car each night runs to car barn only. Running time to Plains, 12 minutes.

Christian Shore Line.

Leave Market Square for B. & M. Station and Christian Shore at 6:25 a. m.; 7:05, 7:35 and half-hourly until 10:05 p. m.; and at 10:35 and 11:05.

Returning—Leave Corner Bartlett and Morning Streets at 6:10 a. m.; 6:50, 7:20 and half-hourly until 9:50 p. m.; and at 10:20 and 11:00.

*Omitted Sundays.

**Saturdays only.

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Leaves Portsmouth—8:30, 8:50, 10:30, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 12:15, 1:45, 3:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays, 10:07, a. m.; 12:05 (2:25, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00 11:00 a. m.; 12:00 p. m.

*Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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AND TURFING DONE.

WITH increased facilities the subscriber is again prepared to take charge and keep in order such lots in any of the cemeteries of the city as may be entrusted to his care. He will also give careful attention to the turfing and grading of them, also to the cleaning of monuments and headstones, and the removal of bodies in addition to work at the cemeteries he will do stoning and grading in the city at short notice.

Cemetery lots for sale, also Loom and Turf. Orders left at his residence, corner of Rye and Avenue and South Street, or by mail, or left with Oliver W. Hamlin, successor to R. H. Fletcher, 4 Market Street, will receive prompt attention.

Miss Florence Cook, Webster City, Ia.

GRIF-FIN

Homestead Ale

AND Nourishing Stout

Are specially brewed and bottled by

THE FRANK JONES

Brewing Co.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

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WEST, NORTHWEST, SOUTHWEST.

Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

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GRIF-FIN

The Theory of a Barber Who Claims to Be Able to Read His Customers Like a Book by a Study of Their Hair, Beard and Mustache.

"Want to know something about my science of hairdressing?" said a prominent hairdresser in reply to a question put to him by the writer. "Certainly. Sit down in that chair, and I'll soon convince you that there's a good deal in it."

"You sleep on your right side, don't you?" he continued, after looking sharply for a few seconds at his visitor. "Ah, I thought that would arouse your attention! How do I know that? Easily enough."

"I noticed that the right side of your mustache droops and that the hair was thinning, while on the left side there is a decided tendency to curl up, and the hair is thicker. It is the same with the hair on your head. Through constant lying on that side the circulation is impeded, and the hair does not receive enough nourishment; hence the indication which enables me to tell you the position you assume when in bed."

"A study of the hair gives a man a better insight into the character, habits and disposition of his fellow men than either palmistry or phrenology. Give me ten minutes to study the appearance of a man's hair, including his beard and mustache, and I will undertake to tell that man more about himself than any palmist who ever traced the lines on his hands or any phrenologist who ever felt his bumps."

"For instance, although you are slight in build, you are very strong, and the dead weight which you can lift would surprise most people. Your hair tells me that. It is curly and coarse."

"People with curly hair are stronger than others, and the coarser it is the stronger they are. Your hair, though curly, is orderly and smooth, showing that your habits run along the same smooth line. If it had been running riot, and straight hair will do that, I should have said that you were rather an eccentric individual, the extent of the eccentricity being in accordance with the roughness."

"The color of the hair, too, is an indication of character. Dark haired people are deeper thinkers, capable of deeper emotions than their light haired fellows, but the latter are more susceptible to surrounding influences than the former and make up in quickness of feeling what they lack in depth."

"You have heard the expression, 'Ginger for pluck.' It's true. They are all fighters, notwithstanding their undoubted good nature. If you ever get into a tight corner and can ask a red haired man to help you, it will be all right with you. His good nature will make him respond promptly to the appeal, and his disposition will do the rest."

"The manner in which a man keeps his hair is also an indication of his habits. The ordinary man, generally speaking, doesn't care anything about the style in which his hair and beard are trimmed, but he likes them to be neat. The methodical business man shows his method by having his hair always neat and always combed and brushed in exactly the same way. If you could measure the position of the parting or count the number of hairs on either side of it, I really believe there wouldn't be any variation worth talking about during any selected period of time. He is just as neat when he enters the barber's shop as when he leaves it. If you were to watch that man's hair, you would be able to tell whether he was suffering any reverses of fortune in business. In proportion to the anxiety experienced through trouble, so would his hair be neglected."

"The man who is not methodical will exhibit a head that bears a resemblance to a bird's nest after a violent storm with some bigger bird. He pays no attention to his hair, and after I have spent much time and care in putting it in order he will jam his hat over his hair in a jaunty manner and upset the result of my labor in the twinkling of an eye, but such a trifle does not upset him. He is a happy go lucky sort of fellow."

"Just turn your eye upon that man who came in a second ago," said the hairdresser, lowering his voice and indicating the object of his remark by a quick glance in that direction. "Look at his beard. You will notice that it is all knotty. Well, my assistant has taken him in hand, but I'll bet that my man would have forfeited his dinner rather than wait upon him if he could have helped it."

"A man with beard and hair as awkward as that is the most difficult man on earth to please. He's always changing his mind, and you never know how to take him. He may be as nice as pie when he sits down, but before he has been there five minutes it will be a simple impossibility to do anything to his liking."

"Whenever I come across a man who is extra particular I am sure that that individual will bear watching. I am suspicious of him because I know by experience that the man who is not above doing something more or less 'shady' almost invariably betrays a keen anxiety that his hair and beard shall be scrupulously neat and trimmed in the very latest style."—London Tit-Bits.

A Man With a History.

"Do you see that very ordinary looking man over there?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"He's a man with a history."

"A man with a history? What has he ever done?"

"Nothing at all. He's selling the history by subscription."—Chicago Post.

Referring to some of the contradictory rules of the British postoffice, J. Henniker Heaton, M. P., writing in Pearson's, says: "No living creature except bees" may be sent by post, although in France crabs and in Germany humans beings may be so forwarded. The prohibition of living creatures is no doubt due to the experience of the officials charged to open parcels forwarded by entomologists, rat catchers and other scientists, though one is puzzled to account for the toleration of bees. Perhaps some postmaster general was an ardent apiculturist, but anybody who has ridden in the Australian bush would certainly back a swarm of bees, irritated by several hours' jolting in a freight train, to clear a sorting office in record time. Arms may not be sent to "prohibited districts" in Ireland in a parcel, and "the expression 'arms' includes any cannon."

It would seem to follow that a cannon may be sent by parcel post to any other part of the United Kingdom. Eggs may be sent by parcel post, but no compensation will be given for injury to them, though payment will be made if the parcel be lost. This is why, when all the eggs in a box have been smashed into fragments and the liquid contents have oozed out, the box containing the empty shells is invariably delivered with scrupulous care to the addressee.

How He Explained It.

"What do they mean by 'two up' in golf?" she asked as she put down the paper.

"Huh!" he exclaimed in a startled way, for he knew about as much about golf as he did about throwing the bomb. "Still no man is going to show his ignorance of sports to his wife."

"What do they mean by 'two up'?" she repeated.

"Two up?" he returned. "Oh, yes, of course. Well, you've heard of 'topping' a ball, haven't you?"

"Certainly."

"Well, when you 'top' a ball, naturally it's up."

"I don't quite see."

"Don't see?" he interrupted. "The top is always up, isn't it? You never say the top at the bottom, do you?"

"No-o-o."

"Well, there you are. It's plain as day. When you 'top' a ball, it's 'one up,' and when you 'top' two balls it's 'two up.' Now, don't bother me any more."

"But what is 'topping' a ball?" she persisted.

"Good heavens, how ignorant you are!" he exclaimed. "Why, 'topping' a ball is knocking it so high that it never comes down. I should think the expression 'one up' would make that clear to you."—Chicago Post.

Why He Wouldn't Subscribe.

"I was a country editor in Indiana about 25 years ago," said a retired newspaper man. "One day an old farmer, who had been one of my constant readers for three years, always paying in advance, came into my office and said he wanted me to quit sending him the paper. I was curious to know why, because he had been in the books so long. Then he told me he had misused from my columns a printed medicine advertisement in which was a testimonial from him of the efficacy of the medicine. He said that as long as the advertisement appeared he and his family always turned to it the first thing when they got the paper and that his children were accustomed to talking about 'pop's name' in the paper."

"I explained to him that the contract for the advertisement had expired and I could not run it without pay. But this failed to satisfy him. He insisted that his paper should stop at once. I wrote to the advertising agent, explaining the incident, and I secured a renewal of the advertisement. Then the old subscriber's name again went on the books. I am the only country editor I ever heard of who made money by losing a subscriber."—Exchange.

Neatly Reproved.

A clever lady, noted for her wit, once ventured on the difficult task of publicly reproving a well known member of London society for his overfondness for good living.

The gentleman in question had made himself conspicuous by the way in which he literally gorged himself at a dinner to which he, with several other representatives of the "upper ten," had been invited. Then, to make matters worse, he was sufficiently unwise or thoughtless enough to attempt to excuse himself for his conduct.

"Ah, you know," said he, using the words of the well known quotation, "in eating well I praise my food."

The opportunity presented by this would be smart remark could not be allowed to pass unheeded by the somewhat disgusted lady sitting at the speaker's side.

"Really, now," she observed, with a sweet smile, "you should not carry praise to the point of flattery."—London Standard.

Old Time Gas Charges.

People who are inclined to grumble at the price of gas nowadays might do worse than study a schedule of charges issued by the Liverpool Gaslight company in the year 1817. Instead of so much per cubic foot being levied each individual burner was charged for, and the price varied according to the hour at which the light was to be extinguished. Thus for using one No. 1 Argand burner up till 8 p. m. £3 per annum had to be paid. For the right to keep it alight until 9 £3 18s. was the figure, while those roasting blades who sat up till 10, 11 or 12 had to disburse £4 16s., £5 12s. and £6 8s. respectively. Imagine the gas bill at a house where 10 or 12 burners are flaring away until the small hours if such a method of taxation were in force nowadays!—Liverpool Post.

A Strong Talk in Monosyllables Made by an Ohio Man.

In these days of turgid eloquence, when public speakers seem to vie with one another to see how many triple jointed words they can lug into a speech and seem to scorn the strength and beauty of short words, an address delivered many years ago by A. P. Edgerton of Ohio has peculiar value and is an eloquent argument in favor of short, direct methods of speech. Mr. Edgerton served in congress and was civil service commissioner under President Cleveland. The address was delivered in 1882 at the commencement of the Port Wayne high school, in Indiana, and, while it was impromptu and not at all a studied effort at monosyllabic diction, each of the words it contains is a monosyllable. Not only that, but as an oratorical effort it ranks high. The address is as follows:

"This day we close for the year the Port Wayne free schools, and we now part with you, the girls and boys we are no more to teach."

"I say girls and boys, for when three-score and ten years have come to you you will be glad to have your friends say that health and peace of mind have kept your hearts warm; that you wear no brow of gloom, are not borne down with age, but still, in heart, are 'girls and boys.' When three-score years come, and I hope they will come to all, the tide of time will roll back and tell you of your schooltime days, when the fair, the kind and the true found love, but the false heart found no friend, no tongues to praise. These days bring rich gifts to age, and when you shall cease to think of them your fire has burned low and your light has gone out. You have been here taught in the hope that the free schools of Port Wayne would help to make you of use to your friends and to the world."

"Keep in your mind that the hours to work run through each day and that God's great law of life is, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'"

"Now, for you, young man, this truth is told. Go where you will through the world and you will find on the front door of shops and mills, of stores and banks, and on ships, on farms, on roads, in deep mines where men toil for wealth; where laws are made that make some men too rich and men of work and work through all our land too poor; where men by law are taught to plot with sin, to spurn the right, that charge and cost and spoil may make old 'Quicks' law firms rich; where law is so plain that the judge must guess to find what's law; where quacks most fight over sick men's pains and dead men's bones; where types are set and none to mind the proofs; where prelates do preach and pray and where schools are taught this sign, 'Brains Will Find Work Here!'"

"Don't fear. Step up and ask for work; brains will get it. Don't let 'I dare not wait on 'I would'—like the cat that loves fish, but dares not wet her foot."

"If it be said, 'What can you do? Will you learn a trade?' say, 'I have none, but I can learn one and put brains in it.' When you go to a place where brains should hunt for work and be sure to find it, it may be said to you, 'Do you see that plow? Can you hold and drive it deep? That plow, in its wise use, gives all men food.'"

"Do you see that wheel and that crank and those shafts and that press, and do you hear the rush and the hiss of the steam which moves them? Can you make and hold and run them? Can you build and drive the works and wheels which make the wealth of the earth and cause it to roll and to float and to flow from place to place, where it is the best for man to use it?"

"Can you spin the thread and weave it which makes robes for kings and silks for the rich and vail, and dress for the poor and all that skill and art have wrought by loom and hand for man's use?"

"These things are all shot through with threads of light—the light of mind and art and skill which shines each day more bright and dims all the old by some new found light as the years go on."—Chicago Chronicle.

Second Attacks of Typhoid Fever.

The idea is that, as one attack of typhoid gives immunity from a second, temporary if not lasting immunity might be acquired by inoculation with an attenuated dose of the poison. But one attack of typhoid does not give immunity from a second, says Dr. T. J. MacLagan in The British Medical Journal. Second attacks of typhoid are as common as by the ordinary doctrine of chances, they ought to be more common, for instance, than second attacks of pneumonia in about the same proportion that first attacks are more common. If one attack of the fully developed disease does not give immunity, he concludes, inoculation with an attenuated dose of the poison can scarcely be expected to do so.—Medical Record.

Genius Rewarded.

A schoolmaster, not famous for his personal beauty, swooped down on the inattentive boy and found him drawing caricatures. He picked up one and asked the boy in a voice of thunder: "Is this meant for me?"

"Please, sir," said the victim in a state of terror, "please sir, I did not mean to make it so like."

The master destroyed the picture and let the matter drop.—London Globe.

The employment of toothpicks is very ancient. In Grote's "History of Greece" we find that Agath


TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
Shoulder Braces
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Suspensories
Always on hand.

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now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

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10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF
Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
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Gray & Prime
DELIVER
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Home Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interlocking and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

NO. 118 MARKET ST

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.
APRIL 5.

SUN RISES.....5:21 MOON RISES.....10:28 A. M.
SUN SETS.....7:31 FULL MOON.....10:30 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY.....12:10

New Moon, April 8th, 5h. 50m., morning, E.
First Quarter, April 15th, 10h. 25m., morning, W.
Full Moon, April 22d, 1h. 50m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 29th, 5h. 50m., evening, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, April 4.—Forecast for New England: Generally fair and warmer in northern portions Saturday; Sunday fair, light, variable winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

The Grafton club will hold its annual meeting on May first.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The Yacht club is already planning for its Memorial day regatta.

McNabb has a number of houses for sale that will net over eight per cent.

With all its magnificent outlay and its great East Floridiana will shortly be seen here.

A Scrap of Paper is the matinee bill of the Edmund Breese Stock company at Music Hall today, Saturday.

The masts were taken out of the Raleigh and Detroit on Friday, to make room for the larger masts.

The Daughters of Liberty are to hold a whist party and supper next Tuesday evening in Rockingham hall.

The Young People's union of the Court street church is to hold a May festival on the evening of May day in the vestry.

Portsmouth council, No. 8, O. U. A. M., is to hold a dance on the evening of April 17 in celebration of its eleventh anniversary.

A group of men were engaged Friday putting in sleepers and rails on the York Harbor & Beach railroad where the road crosses Love lane in Kittery.

Music lessons on Viola, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo, R. L. Helmsdorf, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Auburn.—Charles F. and George J. Backner to E. V. Turcotte, all of Manchester, land and buildings, \$1.

Dorchester.—George Page to Sara M. Silver, land and buildings, \$50.

Dorchester.—Cecilia F. Joyce, Manches- ter, to Charles W. and Bertha A. Merri- field, land, \$1; M. Josephine Horne to Viola M. Moody, land, \$1; Irene L. Priest to last grantee, land, \$1; Carmi A. Norton to Willard L. Laws, land, \$100; last grantee to John Polson, land, \$1; New Hampshire Savings bank, Concord, to Estes I. Griffin, land and buildings, \$125.

Exeter.—Mary F. Brogan to Joanna and Susan Brogan, all of Haverhill, Mass., one-fourth certain premises on Front street, \$1; Joseph N. Head to Cora K. Hell for herself and as guardian of Samuel K. and John J. Hell, land and buildings on Hall place, \$1.

Hampton.—J. Freeman Williams to Clarence M. Dearborn, land, \$120.

Londonberry.—Charles McAllister et al. to Richard Addison, lands, \$1; William P. Nevins and wife to Margaret Dekey, one-fourth certain premises, \$100.

Newmarket.—Fred L. Mathes to Mary E. Mathes, land and buildings, \$1.

North Hampton.—William J. Breed to Annie L. Wingate, North Hampton, all rights in real and personal property of the late Lydia A. Breed, \$1.

Northwood.—Allen G. Sherman to M. C. McKendree, land, \$100.

Nottingham.—Hannah M. Harvey, Haverhill, Mass., to William G. Walker, land and buildings, \$1.

Portsmouth.—William H. Pettigrew to Marjette Jacobs, land and buildings on Spring street, \$1.

Raymond.—Jonathan A. Robinson, Fremont, to Mary S. Whittier, land, \$450.

Rye.—Nancy Knowles to Charles N. Knowles, half homestead farm, \$1.

Salem.—George Gordon to Mary E. Gordon, land and buildings, \$300; Charles A. Stevens to Clarissa A. Milder, land, \$1.

Seabrook.—P. Albert True to Elmy A. Pollansky, South Hampton, marsh land, \$35.

Windham.—John W. Hanson to Syl- vester W. and Albert W. Gould, Mad- den, Mass., land and buildings, \$1.

OBSEQUIES.

At the home in New Castle this afternoon at two o'clock occurred the funeral of Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Rev. Mr. Davis officiating. Interment took place at Riverside cemetery. Undertaker G. W. Ham of this city had charge of the funeral.

AMICABLY SETTLED.

Labor Differences Between Painters And Employers At An End.

Union Men Concede The Month Of April To Employers.

Master Painters Agree to Pay \$2.25 Per Day of 8 Hours.

The labor differences between the local Painters' Union and the master painters of this city have been amicably adjusted and the union men will all return to their work on Monday next.

The matter was settled up at a conference held at eleven o'clock this forenoon between a delegation of union men and the master painters' committee. After an hour's session the meeting adjourned and in spite of the fact that the result of the meeting should be kept quiet until this evening the terms of agreement leaked out.

The union men shall continue throughout the month of April at the old rate of pay and hours of labor. Commencing May first the minimum rate of pay shall be \$2.25 per day of eight hours.

Of course no agreement was signed at the conference by either side for the members had not the authority. But the Painters Union will hold a special meeting this evening and without a doubt ratify the terms of the conference.

The members of the Painters' Union are jubilant over the settlement of the matter and claim that it was a victory for organized labor. They claim that they conceded the extra time in order to allow the master painters a chance to complete all contracts that had been made and figured on at the old basis of pay and time.

There is some talk among the union painters of parading the streets this evening headed by the band.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Percy B. Frye was in Boston on Friday.

Charles H. Clough is a visitor in Boston today.

Mrs. Theodore Deverson is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooding were visitors in Boston on Friday.

George L. F. Harriman is passing a few days in Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. E. Owen is visiting her son, E. Scott Owen, of Summer street.

Judge Calvin Page has returned from a business trip to New York.

Mrs. Edwin F. Rowe returned from a visit in Raymond on Friday noon.

H. J. Booth, manager of Zephra, returned from Manchester on Friday.

Mrs. John Pettibie was called to Concord on Friday by the serious illness of her mother-in-law.

General Manager Charles P. Berry of the Portsmouth Shoe company, is passing the day in Boston.

Capt. J. Albert Sanborn, mining engineer in California, is passing a few days at his home at the South end.

Mrs. Charles H. Magraw and daughter Marion, have returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Bert Hall of Exeter.

Mrs. Ellen E. Rowe of Eliot returned home on Friday after a visit with her son, Edwin F. Rowe, of this city.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Retail Clerks' International Protective association, representing the retail clerks in the retail grocery, meat and provision stores of Portsmouth, recognizing the fact that from early customs handed down to the present day the clerks in retail stores are confined to their duties more hours than necessary and obliged to work on holidays, do protest this ancient usage and petition for its abolishment; the undersigned, promoters of the retail grocery, meat and provision stores, acknowledge the justice of the above petition and do hereby agree to close their stores on Memorial day, Independence day, Labor day, Thanksgiving day and Christmas day, and on all week days excepting Saturdays and those days preceding above named holidays at six o'clock, this to take effect on the first day of May.

(Signed:)

B. F. Russell, Charles Churchill, William P. Murphy, W. H. Smith, John O. Downs, James R. Yeaton & Co., Howard N. Haskell, Albert E. Lord, George H. Joy, P. Keblum, Payne & Walker, D. J. Carroll & Co., Charles H. Clark, John S. Young, Chris. Smart, W. O. Winn, John Leary, W. Sladen, J. H. Young, John Hallam, Ward & Co., Cater & Benfield, Henry Ridge, John Holland, S. Maddock & Son, George H. Carlton, John J. Smart, J. H. Sweet, George R. Palfrey, John E. Milton.

STRONG ATTRACTION.

The Edmund Breese Stock company scored another hit at Music hall on Friday evening in When Greek Meets Greek. The audience was not so large as it should have been, but it was warmly appreciative. All the roles were taken care of in a style that roused applause frequently during the four acts.

Mr. Breese and his leading lady, Miss Barbara Miller, divided premier honors, but the support they received was of just the sort that makes any play successful.

Tonight the bill will be The Great I Am, which brings out the full strength of the company. For a matinee offering today, A Scrap of Paper will be put on.

METHODIST CHURCH.

At the service tomorrow morning the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. The weather is favorable the pastor will give a Bible lecture in the audience room at 7 o'clock on the subject, "God's Hero Prophet." Otherwise there will be a social service of the church and Epworth League in the vestry.

At the prayer meeting on Tuesday evening the pastor will give an exposition of the Sunday school lesson for the following Sunday.

STATE ENCAMPMENT.

The annual state encampment of the New Hampshire Sons of Veterans will be held at Concord on the 24th and 25th of this month. In attendance will be Commander-in-Chief, the Sons of Veterans E. R. Campbell of Washington, D. C., Chaplain-in-Chief H. W. Currier of Brooklyn, N. Y., Quarter-master-General Fred C. Bolton of Boston, and Adjutant-General Charles S. Downs of Washington, D. C.

SOCIAL AND DANCE.

Portsmouth council, Knights of Columbus, gave a social and dance in Rivermouth hall on Friday evening, which produced much pleasure. Just enough couples participated to make the occasion most agreeable. During the social songs were rendered by Mrs. W. P. Gray and John C. Dolan. The dancing was informal.

CHRIST CHURCH.

There will be a rehearsal of the full choir, men and boys, this Saturday evening at half-past seven o'clock.

The Easter music will be repeated tomorrow—another "God of God," Le-joune, by the invisible choir; and "They Have Taken Away My Lord," Stahner.

DOVER POINT'S NEW INDUSTRY.

Main Building of the Fiske Brick Company Already Roofed In.

The new plant of the Fiske Brick company is progressing rapidly. The main building, about 375 feet long, is now roofed in, and the power house and machine building. The boilers and engines are erected, also the brick machine. The latter is a Colossus, being the largest machine manufactured, weighing over ten tons, and being capable of turning out twenty million face brick and sewer brick annually.

Much of the machinery will be driven by electric motors and the plant will be well illuminated by electric lights.

Work on the dryers and kilns is being pushed ahead rapidly, and prospects for starting the manufacture of bricks early in the summer are good.

Some idea of the magnitude of this plant may be gained from the fact that over 125 carloads of freight have already been received, and there is still a large amount to come. Nearly 100 men are now employed on the work, the company giving preference in every case to citizens of Dover, as is their established policy. Every morning a small army of carpenters and laborers go to Dover point on the first train leaving Dover, while the capacity of the local boarding houses is being taxed to the uttermost.

Arrangements have been made with the Boston and Maine railroad for the switching of 20 carloads of clay and sand per day from the extensive banks of the company along the line of the railroad to the works at Dover Point where the cars will be drawn one by one up an inclined track and the clay dumped directly into the brick making machinery, thus saving all labor of handling over the raw material.

The enterprise bids fair to become one of Dover's leading industries and one of which the city may well be proud.—Dover Democrat.

TEA TABLE TALK.

I understand that Congressman Suloway is considered by his fellow members of the National house of representatives as one of the hardest working men in congress. Of the thousands of bills introduced into the house, nearly one half go to his committee, and he is constantly at work in his committee room from early in the morning until late at night, seven days in the week.

The job teamsters may have to find another spot for a stand. I understand there is an agitation toward obliging them to betake themselves and their teams from Market square, in front of the North church, which has been their headquarters for years. The committee on streets now has the matter under consideration. I believe.

Harry J. Booth, who is in charge of the preparations for the production of Zephra at Music hall, comes in for quite a compliment from the Mirror of Manchester. In its account of the opening performance of Sibilla in that city on Thursday evening, it says:

"Harry J. Booth, Mr. Averill's right hand, was down to business soon after seven o'clock. Mr. Booth has become so adept that he can distribute make-up over four or five faces at once and write a letter home at the same time. Ladies and gentlemen, of age from five to thirty, came to him in a line almost without end, but the make-up performance was one of the most skillful of the evening."

Miss Maude Atkinson, one of the clever members of the Edmund Breese Stock company, was here earlier in the season with Thelma. She is an accomplished actress and any organization that secures her is decidedly a gainer.

TO SUCCEED COGHLAN.

It is understood that Capt. F. F. Harrington, U. S. N., is to succeed Capt. J. G. Coghlan, U. S. N., as captain of the Brooklyn navy yard and that the orders have already been issued. This change results from the promotion of Capt. Coghlan to rear admiral. Capt. Coghlan is remembered as the commander of the cruiser Raleigh, which fired the first shot in the battle of Manila bay.

HAD A CONFERENCE.

A committee of prominent officers of the Painters' union came to this city from Boston on Friday and held a preliminary meeting in the evening, with representatives of the local union and the master painters. This is thought by some to be preliminary to a settlement of the controversy which resulted in all the troubles of this city quitting work on Monday.

No Reasonable Man expects to cure a neglected cold in a day. But time and Allen's Lung Balm will overcome the cold and stave off consumption. Cough will cease and lungs be

AT THE NAVY YARD.

Clerk H. B. Kent has been promoted in the department of construction and repair.

The new construction and repair saw mill was tested and accepted on Friday.

Contractors O'Brien and Hoolihan have resumed the brick work on the new shipsmiths' shop.

The Raleigh and the Detroit shifted berths on Friday and the masts were removed from the Detroit.

Two hundred camp stools, the first product of this yard, have been prepared for the New York yard.

Ferry 423, constructed here for Newport, is now being made ready for her trip there and will probably leave within a few days.

The contractor on the new equipment building finds the laying of the foundation very expensive and is to delay the work pending a settlement of claims for additional cost.

It is understood that Superintendent Treadwell of the new dry dock is to put on a large force of men and expects to complete the dock at a much earlier date than has been expected.

The torpedo boat Craven has been ordered launched and will probably go into the water next Wednesday or Thursday. This is the craft that is fitted with a bow rudder. With the Dahlgren, the Craven will probably go to Newport for a test of her turning qualities.

FRED DOE AND DOVER.

Fred Doe will arrive in Dover the latter part of this week to remain all summer. Mr. Doe is handicapped somewhat in the Stafford county city from the fact that newspapers there are not giving him any kind of a chance. This was just what kept a team away from Dover last summer, and it will be an uphill game for the old timer if the local newspaper support is not tendered to him. Doe has a good team, one that the people of Dover will have no occasion to be ashamed of, and better still if the present aggregation is not good for the league Mr. Doe will strengthen until it is. The Dover fans must remember that they have a manager who never played losing ball with a losing team when he was tendered any kind of support.—Manchester Union.

ANNUAL INSPECTION.

The members of Company D were put through their annual inspection on Friday evening at the armory on Court street. Inspector General George D. Waldron had charge and the organization had to undergo severe scrutiny. The visiting officer was highly pleased with the showing made. The company turned out with practically full ranks. Following the inspection there was a smoke talk.

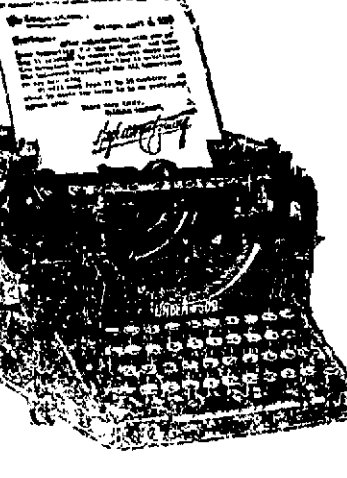
SPECIAL COMMUNICATION.

St. John's lodge of Masons will entertain Right Worshipful Josiah T. Jenness, D. D. G. M., and Right Worshipful Bela Kingman, D. D. G. M., at its special communication next Wednesday evening, April 9th, when the Fellow Craft degree will be exemplified on several candidates. A fine musical program has been arranged, and a collation will follow the exercises.

SHOULD BE TRIED FOR PERJURY.

Up in Dover on Friday a man was arraigned in police court charged with drunkenness who gave the name of Thomas Campbell and said that he had obtained his liquor in Portsmouth. Mr. Campbell must be mistaken. There is no liquor sold in Portsmouth.

THE Underwood Typewriter



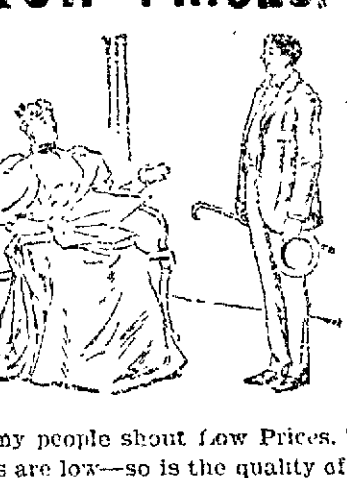
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Writing Visible
Speed Increased
Touch Elastic
Automatic Conventions
Actual Advantages

Operation Unchanged
Tabulating Rapidly
Billing Speed
Strength Maintained
Actual Advantages

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UNDERWOOD
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Many people shout Low Prices. The prices are low—so is the quality of the goods. We say low prices and we lack up the statement with a good strong reason. We can make the best Clothing—make it as well as it can be made—at low prices, because our expenses are light and we have many patrons. There is no use throwing money away. There is no use paying any more for perfection than you have to. We will be glad to see you at any time.

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We just received a new lot of Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Stanhope Carriages. Also a large line of new and second-hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

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